DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 444 978 SP 039 435

AUTHOR Berlak, Ann
TITLE Taking It Personally: Encountering Racism in a Cultural Diversity Course.
PUB DATE 1999-04-00
NOTE 43p.; With Sekani Moyenda. Paper presented at the Annual Meeting of the American Educational Research Association (Montreal, Quebec, Canada, April 19-23, 1999).
PUB TYPE Reports - Descriptive (141) -- Speeches/Meeting Papers (150)
EDRS PRICE MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS Black Teachers; *Consciousness Raising; *Diversity (Student); Elementary Secondary Education; Higher Education; Minority Groups; Preservice Teacher Education; *Racial Attitudes; *Racial Bias; Racial Differences; Sex Differences; *Student Teacher Attitudes; Student Teachers
IDENTIFIERS *African Americans; Dominant Culture

ABSTRACT

This paper describes a crisis that occurred within a course for preservice and inservice teachers, Cultural and Linguistic Diversity. The crisis occurred when students were asked to confront the effects of racism on themselves and the children they teach. It was provoked by a guest presentation by a militant African-American classroom teacher who teaches poor African-American and Chinese immigrant children. Her presentation challenged and destabilized the way that most class members saw themselves and the roles they were playing or likely to play as teachers in reproducing and transforming the existing racial, linguistic, and socioeconomic hierarchies. The result was violent anger, hurt, and argument on the part of many of the predominantly white students. However, as they processed the presentation and examined their reactions over time, the students began to see what the guest speaker was trying to tell them about white privilege and racism and why they had reacted the way they did to the speaker's rage. The presentation and resulting processing even affected how the course's teacher thought about racial dynamics and teaching about racism. (Contains 36 references.) (SM)

Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made
from the original document.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)
☐ This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.
☐ Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.
• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy.

Taking it Personally :
Encountering Racism in a Cultural Diversity Course.

Ann Berlak with Sekani Moyenda

April, 1999

PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE AND DISSEMINATE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
A. Berlak
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

1

ED 444 978

This paper is a close-in look at a crisis that occurred in the Cultural and Linguistic Diversity course I taught to pre- and in-service teachers in the summer of 199-- It is part of an ongoing project by the author, a teacher educator of European descent and Sekani Moyenda, an African American classroom teacher who teaches at an elementary school where almost all the children are poor African Americans or Chinese immigrants. The crisis on which our project focuses occurred during that part of the course that requires students to confront the effects of racism on themselves and the children they are or will be teaching. It was provoked by a guest presentation Sekani made to Ann's class.

The presentation provoked the crisis by challenging and destabilizing the ways most of us saw ourselves and the roles we were playing or likely to play as teachers in the reproduction and transformation of the existing racial, linguistic and socioeconomic hierarchies, and provided the opportunity for the class, Sekani and myself to explore the dimensions, depth and significance of racism to a degree I believe was unprecedented and unique for all of us. The class was composed of twenty five students, eighteen of whom were white; the others were Latino, African American, Chinese and Filipino.

Ms. Moyenda identified herself to the class as "militant," and as the daughter of a member of the Black Panther Party. She introduced herself by stating that a central objective of her teaching was to encourage the development of militant African American children and adults, militant adult and children of other disempowered groups, and militant white allies to people of color. Her presentation occurred towards the conclusion of the course, after there had been the extended explorations by students of their racial autobiographies and of institutional and personal racism and white privilege that have become legion among many teachers of cultural diversity courses (King, 1997; Adams, 1997). It surfaced layers of racism, internalized racism and cultural imperialism that had evidently remained untouched during previous sessions of the course, the power and depth of which surprised me, Ms. Moyneda, and the students as well. In the end the event and the processing of it apparently provoked considerable schema transformation for most of us.

I will look at the event itself and its aftermath in the context of the course as a whole, primarily through my eyes and the eyes of a number of the students as revealed in a series of journal entries and their in-class responses over several days following the presentation. Ms. Moyenda's "takes" on the events, while central to

SP039435

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

the project, are beyond the scope of this paper. I will read the incident and its aftermath primarily through the lenses of two writers, Elizabeth Ellsworth (1997) and M.M. Bakhtin (as interpreted by Holquist, 1990, and Dentith, 1995), showing how the works of these writers illuminate the crisis that erupted and provide some insight into the complexities of teaching a single course intended to spark significant shifts in ways students and teachers are oriented to racism in U.S. society at the end of the millennium.

The Cultural and Linguistic Diversity Course that is the focus of this paper is mandated by the state of California. Similar courses are required in many teacher training programs across the country and in other countries as well. These courses are opportunities to interrupt the cycle of racism so deeply embedded in all the institutions of U.S. society. Yet there is little evidence that single courses significantly affect the deepest recesses of our beings where the racist conditioning abides (King, 1997).

A Classroom Encounter

Prelude

California State University, Department of Elementary Education, July 8: I (Ann) ask the students to finish writing their responses to the film *The Color of Fear* we have just seen and then to take a break. They know that when we reconvene, Sekani Moyenda, an African American woman will be our guest speaker. We are half way through the eighth of a twelve session summer school version of the state-mandated Cultural and Linguistic Diversity class I usually teach over fifteen weeks, a course I have been teaching twice each semester for the past six years.

I have invited Sekani to speak to the class because, after she had completed the Diversity Course she had taken with me prior semester, she told me that the teacher education program was turning out teachers ill prepared for the realities of urban classrooms. I believed this was true and that my Cultural and Linguistic Diversity course was not exempt from her criticism. Consequently, I asked Sekani to take two and a half hours of class time to address the class. I knew I and the students were going to learn a lot from the visit, though I had absolutely no idea just what it was that we would learn.

Sekani informs me her plan is to engage the class in playing a simulation game she has created for the occasion to provoke thinking about teaching in classrooms where almost all the children are African American and poor. She calls the presentation "Boot Camp for Teachers."

Students' July 8 Journal Responses Written the Evening of Their Encounter with Sekani.

Kathy *White, female Sociology major from a well respected University:* [*Initial journal entry, June: I am a third generation San Franciscan, so I am pretty far removed from my European heritage...I never thought of myself as anything but "American."*]

Needless to say, I was pretty upset and angry after today's class. I loved *The Color of Fear*. I learned so much from it, particularly from Victor. He eloquently expressed his anger and he was the only person who mentioned women in the film.

In contrast, I am upset and enraged by the message I heard from today's guest speaker. (I do not know how to spell her name.) After seeing this video, which was a tremendously emotional experience for me, I was open to discuss issues of racial inequality in society, particularly in the classroom. I am feeling connected to my classmates, and I believe that we have built a community based on our shared and differing experiences in these areas and that we are respectful of what we can learn from each other and open to civil discussions of differing opinions. I found S. (this is the best way I can think of to represent her without knowing how to spell her name) to be hostile, condemning and close minded.

I don't know if she was aware that some of us were teaching already but I found her attitude extremely condescending. I am aware that she visited our class to share her experiences but I felt she completely dismissed any of our experiences, particularly Jim's. I am enjoying learning from a professor who practices what she "teaches" (not preaches). I appreciate that you tell us how much you are learning from us. You validate our experiences.

If S. had this class last semester I am guessing that she has not been teaching much longer than some of us. I felt she was extremely insulting to Jim. I believe it was unprofessional of S. to (make) the sweeping generalization that white middle-class women do not know what they are in for, can't handle it, and have not experienced violence in their communities. How dare she? She claims she can not be racist because she does not hold a position of power in society. When she entered our classroom, by taking on the role of "teacher," she was in a position of power and she used that power to judge people and make disparaging comments on the basis of the color of their skin. Hmmm. Sounds like RACISM to me.

I got upset and I was overcome by tears of rage when she said that white people do not experience violence. I would love to share my white experience of growing up with an alcoholic father with her...I do not believe she is qualified to comment on this subject for, if she had experienced violence, alcoholism and drug addiction she might be aware that these diseases know no boundaries of race or social class.

This is a particularly painful issue for me right now because I have spent most of my life shutting off my feelings as a mechanism for coping with pain. For me to feel that degree of pain, rage, fear and frustration represents major progress for me. Today I felt that my experience, my suffering, was being minimized.

[*Ann's written response: I believe the pain you experienced as a child witness to your father's alcoholic rage gives you the resources to empathize with the pain of others in many of its various forms---including the pain people of color experience as a result of racism. Getting in touch your pain is, in my view, essential to being able to experience empathy for others' pain and thus to operate humanely in the world and in the classroom. The goal is to be able to hear and feel Sekani's rage against racism without taking it personally, and then to be able to listen with empathy to a raging parent of one of your students without seeing that parent as your alcoholic parent.*]

[*Kathy's journal response to the above comments: I really appreciated your comments on my last journal entry. There are not many places (especially in the academic world) where I would feel safe enough to express the pain and rage I experienced this week. Your comments and class work have helped me process these experiences in a completely non-judgmental way. It is usually quite difficult for me to hear these responses without feeling personally attacked, as you may have noticed. I think Sekani did not intend to personally attack the white women in the class. I responded as if she were my father, angrily arguing and crying simultaneously. This exercise has been extremely powerful for me on a variety of levels.*]

Jennifer *White, female.* Whew!!! What a class!!! It was one of the most valuable I have ever had. Sacony (sp.?) deserves a lot of praise for her willingness to be so up front about her "agenda" as a teacher and her classroom practices. I think the exercise she developed was a huge success at beginning and inviting an open discussion on an endless number of very important issues (as we all witnessed!!!).

The experience is probably the closest I have ever come to feeling like I know what I look like or could look like through the "lenses" of an African American woman. This information is *so* valuable to me. I am a white middle class woman. How many people who share this part of my identity can say that they have had the opportunity to see themselves from the point of view of an African American woman? Very few, I'm sure. We can see videos and read books or make wild guesses--but this experience was much more real. Sacony told me how her lenses were made, and then allowed me to peek through them--for a second--at myself. She did not have to share this--it was her personal life. I respect her for her honesty--for not sparing my feelings--for not giving me a watered down version of her "truth."

During the INTENSE discussion after our role playing game with Sacony I looked over at you *(at Ann, the teacher)* and noticed the role that you were taking. Basically you became an observer--watching critical thinking, communication, discoveries and learning happen. This is the sign of a "successful lesson." We were so absorbed (at least I was) in our activity and discussion that I completely forgot about your role as a "guide" in our classroom.

I remember looking at the faces of other students in our class and noticing them glancing over at you, wondering if you might stop the discussion, add to it, redirect it, or intervene in some way. I wondered this myself, and I am glad that you decided to let the conversation (the learning) continue. As future (or present) teachers, the last thing we need is to be sheltered from the conflicts that may arise between teachers because of their different agendas and cultural "lenses." Thanks for providing a safe space for these kinds of conversations to take place, and for letting them take their course--regardless of how unsettling it may be for some. As teachers we cannot expect to be settled ...I'm sure you must feel that this class (our interaction with Sacony) was a great success as well.

Jennifer's third journal entry, June--. After doing the White Privilege exercise I realized I spend time talking to and working with people who are very much like myself: white people...How could I live so much of my life this way?..I remember when I was about ten my father thought that my sister and I were being unappreciative of all the "things" he gave us--so he drove us through a ghetto in Cleveland, telling us to roll up our windows and lock our door and be glad we didn't have to live there. All the people I saw were African

American. So I was scared into being proud of my whiteness as if my life would stink if I weren't.

Jim *White, male.* WOW!!! Today's class was very interesting and worthwhile. When thinking what took place I continuously come back to the concept of individual difference. I appreciated the point that the exercise was trying to establish. I believe it was an attempt to open our eyes to **all** of the complex issues that children bring with them to school. However, I don't agree with several of the methods that were used in conveying the message. In reality, it's hard to put into words exactly what I do feel in regard to the exercise and the mannerisms of the woman facilitator *(i.e.Sekani).* I should begin by saying that I don't feel she is sensitive to the feelings of everyone, which is something that I think any teacher, even at the college level, needs to be. It seems to me that she was telling us "the way it is" from a very one sided point of view. Even though she may have genuine experience from her upbringing, from her ethnicity, and from the inner city school she works at, it doesn't mean everything she feels is going to apply to all of us in quite "her" way.

Right now (as I write) the feelings I have make it hard to convey the thoughts that are running through my head....I imagine the emotions that I'm having are probably very similar to the emotions that many people of color have in regard to the way they have been treated in the past and present.

I look forward to hearing the class discussion that will certainly follow today's class. Hopefully everyone's personal concerns will be recognized and respected.

[*Jim's initial journal entry, June--) In all honesty, ...while growing up I was socialized to be very racist and almost hateful towards people who were not the same as my family...My early experiences instilled many almost irreversible feelings and concepts regarding ...anybody different from myself. I say this because these feelings from my youth can rise up at times (which I'm not proud of).*

I almost feel as if I was raised without much culture...My problem is that I don't really know where I come from. My family moved from Iowa to California and my parents worked for everything they had...When I return to "Dear Old Simi Valley" I often feel relieved to have escaped a place where the culture consists of shopping centers and fast food restaurants.]

Martha *White, female.* I don't think many of us walked out of class today without feeling emotionally charged. I would first like to say I found our guest speaker to be extremely interesting and informative. At the same time I felt she definitely had some strong feelings about Whites. (*Ann, responding to this journal entry, circles "strong" and writes, "negative?"*) Right from the start she expressed that she was doing us a great favor by giving us inside information that is not taught here at this university regarding the way it really is in the inner city classroom in The District. While I do believe she does indeed have great ideas...I found that many of her remarks put me on the defensive. As I listened to her story of her second grade experience with the blond white girl I realized that her anger and hostility, although justified, go way back....I feel she was almost saying at times that because you can not possibly relate to these children's lives you've got no business in the classroom. I do not wish to make judgments, but rather I feel that my feelings are extremely important ones to get out if I am to become a teacher and work in a field that our speaker herself described as a

place where Whites are sometimes a minority. I found myself asking the questions, Will Black students listen to me?...Can I give them anything?

I realized that when our speaker mentioned her politics and the word "militarism" that this term has very different meanings and evokes different feelings with different ethnicities in our class. I also find the term to be negative, and a word that emphasizes the need to fight and remain as separate and hostile groups, one seen as victims and the other as oppressors. I feel this attitude may only increase racial hostility and keep us separate...I understand (I think) that our speaker means to imply the need to strive for justice and stand up for oneself...I just hope all teachers, of all colors, teach in addition to self pride and respect, a sense of openness and lack of judgment towards all people. *(There is no further mention of Sekani in Martha's journal.)*

Julia *Has been a teacher in New York for 12 years.* [*Initial journal entry: During the "Power Shuffle" when the professor called out biracial I didn't go forward, because my initial thought was, "I'm pure Filipino." But upon deeper introspection I got to think about how my grandfather was partly Spanish, my other grandfather was partly Chinese.*]

To be honest, at first I was taking in Ms. Sauconoy's (I don't know if I spelled her name right) introduction just like that of any other guest speaker. I don't know whether Prof. Berlak had any intention of pairing the film (*The Color of Fear*) and the speaker activities in one day. But as the experience began to unfurl, I felt some strange feelings as if the film was suddenly coming to life in our classroom. Although I was sitting there quietly taking it all in, a whole range of emotions came and went inside me. The movie evoked sympathetic emotions. I noticed some of my classmates were teary eyed and were sobbing. But when the movie came to life in the person of Saucony, who articulately recounted her own experience, and in the life of Helen--so well acted out by Nora (*in the role play*)--I felt that the emotions took on a more intense color. Its different when you see people on screen, outside of yourself, debating with one another ...It becomes personal when it stares you right in the face and, in a sense, makes you accountable for what may seem to be the breakdown of a class, in particular, and of a future society, in general.

There were times when I felt that Saucony had too big a chip on her shoulder when she came into the class "setting it (the teacher in the role play) up to fail." But I could understand her experience and I knew that she has some very real lessons from which we could all learn. I felt bad for Jim and in a way for the other girl who spoke up about feeling personally offended. Although it was a class activity...it cannot but get personal because, as Saucony said herself, we bring into our teaching all of our history and all of what we learned and all of what we hope life will be.

I admire all that she had to go through and cannot begin to think of how my life would have been had I been in her shoes. I can also see Jim's point as he tried to argue with her...I guess, as Saucony taught us, best and sincere intentions are not enough to make one last a month, much less a year, in terribly difficult and frustrating situations.

I guess the activity succeeded in deepening my awareness that this issue of racism is not out there in the streets, or out there in the schools, but in here--in every person's heart. Its easy to deal with it in readings and lectures and even to some extent, in relating past experiences, but

when it ...faces our very being--how we see ourselves as persons committed to making this world a better place--it takes on a more frightening dimension.

Daren: *White male; African American Studies major.* I hope you're not too tired of hearing about the topic by the time you get to my entry but--whew--Tuesday's class. The dynamic especially between Jim and the speaker (I don't remember her name) was an interesting one. I'm sure it will be the topic of much discussion in class tomorrow.

What I would like to say to Jim (though I'm not sure that it would be helpful to him or anyone else) is that he seemed to have it in his mind that he was going to succeed even though the speaker told him that he was being "set up to fail." James seemed to think that, based on his years of teaching experience and his self confidence he would be able to "win." I don't think that he realized that the role playing activity was designed to be a springboard for discussion and not a test of the "teacher's" management skills. The other dynamic that I believe was in effect (but that I will absolutely not bring up in class) is that James was not prepared to accept that sort of critique from an African American woman, especially one as strong and militant as today's speaker. (I wish I could remember her name.)

Denise *White, female.* [*Initial journal entry, June--) My (social) class allowed me to see I had every opportunity available to me..."Couldn't AFFORD?" In my entire life I never heard those words.*]

I don't know if you noticed but I left class early--not because I had somewhere else to be. I simply chose to leave. I felt the content was turning a corner I did not want to be part of. I was afraid you would think I was abandoning the discussion which would be the same as turning my back on "refocusing my lenses." I felt the information became personal, not educational. *(Ann wrote here "I think the personal is educational--I don't distinguish them.")*

What a strange day for our class. I felt the warmth of our community was stormed by the militia.

I was writing my notes on *The Color of Fear* when Sekani walked in.....I remembered we were going to have a speaker. That must be her, I thought...I felt a sense of anticipation...Her intro to her presentation was intriguing. However, I distinctly remember her saying that her goal of teaching was to create militant African Americans. Militant. That word did not sit well with me. I struggled with the question of whether it didn't sit well with the white me or me. At this moment I know my instincts are right--my perception of her use of the word militant was adversarial...

When she was explaining her experience in the school where she was teaching she spouted off an extremely chaotic school situation ...But that was okay. I was hearing and adjusting my lenses as I heard her experience. Her mention of the white females in her life--the little girl with the swinging hair and the teachers she deals with in her work place---were all negative. That was her experience. Her comments didn't hit me the way they did some women in the class. But towards the end of the session she got louder and angrier. I felt she started to lash out.

Jim took his role in the role play way too seriously. It became a debate between him and Sekani...His ego was shut down and he was trying to build it back up....At first I thought he was going overboard, but when I heard his passionate reasoning I understood why he wanted to be heard.

He wants to give back to the kids and schools of today. Why should his ideals be challenged by a stranger? The fact is she is not an expert.

As Sekani was talking before the exercise we exchanged a lot of eye contact. I was nodding in agreement with her monologue. Now I wonder why she was looking at me. Was she seeing a middle class white woman who was going to get her ass kicked in The District's schools? I think so. I feel she was laughing to herself, saying, these girls don't have a clue. *[Ann's written response : "This is a projection of course. She becomes broken hearted at knowing teachers may fail to teach her children well because they aren't prepared. What in your history led you to see Sekani in these terms?"]*

[Sekani commented, months later, to Ann's response, "Denise was probably right. I would take a perverse pleasure at watching retribution take its course, at watching life get back at teachers who act in racist ways towards Black children. Just deserts are hard to come by."]

When the hostility rose sharply I had had enough. I wanted to listen, to hear her experience since I have not had that exposure. But the discussion became invasive and violent....Militant.

As a guest in the classroom I feel the end result was a disservice. How are teachers supposed to work together with this teacher's attitude. She needs to check her "chip on the shoulder" at the door. As your guest her opinions are validated...That alarms me...I wondered why you didn't intervene.

Lois: *White, female.* (When Sekani told the blond haired girl story) I sensed some resentment towards cute blond-haired girls that she may have felt or still feel but that is her right...It doesn't offend me though I am blond. In fact I would rather have children develop pride, strength and maybe even (become) a bit militant, than to internalize racism ...I want to be prepared to handle these classrooms, to try and relate to these kids so I can teach them. Please let me know if she gives lectures or trainings and where I can learn more.

Isaiah: *The only African American student in the class:[Initial journal entry:, June-- I can't stand the idea of racism and I can turn into that angry "negro" boy who will lash out. My mother (A SINGLE BLACK WOMAN) raised three children...She often told myself and my siblings, "You were born BLACK. You're going to die BLACK! So you better get an education and fight for what ever you believe in."]*

Damn. "*The Color of Fear*," realism, fear, anger. What to do? Can I do this job? Where can I buy that tape (of the film)? Men of all colors need to view that movie. Victor is real. His insights are unmatched.

Sekani touched a nerve in our classmates. Here's my view. Some of our classmates, Professor Berlak, need to take a look in the mirror. Sekani gave our classmates some knowledge, she gave them some insights, she gave them more in two hours than they will get

from any course or class at this university. She stated her AGENDA and Jim and others attacked that agenda and forgot about the issue of teaching children of color. Our classmates should be grateful, not ANGRY....Sekani was great for our class. She opened or made people take their lenses off and LOOK! LOOK AT YOURSELF! LOOK AT YOUR STUDENTS! LOOK!

Carol: *White, female.* I found Sekani's role playing activity the most relevant thing that I have had to participate in while in the credential program. I was with Lois when she stood up and said that she wanted to hear what this woman's ideas were for how to deal with this classroom. I appreciate that the people who were frustrated with Sekani's statements felt they weren't being seen as individuals, like Kathy being upset saying, "You don't know me." But you know what, those students aren't going to know her either and they are going to behave and treat her how they behave any time any white middle class woman subs in their classroom.

Margie: *White, female.* All things considered I think it was a good thing to have the guest speaker join us in class today. The heated debate that happened towards the end of the class would most definitely have happened somewhere and at some point in time and I'm sort of glad it happened in class....I can only speak for myself and what I was feeling. I did feel intimidated, daunted and scared.

Sally: *White, female.* One part of her politics that caught my attention was when she explained that her goal as a teacher was to bring up "militant" girls and boys. Initially, I was not totally clear on what that meant. Off the top of my head I assimilated it with words like military and war.

Tim [*Initial journal entry: June I was brought up and raised in Hong Kong, a British colony with English occupied most administrative positions...I remember, when I was young, whenever we passed an Indian watchman in front of a bank my mother would say if you don't work hard in school and find a good job you would probably end up like this "dirty" "stinky" "worthless" watchman. Up to now I still got this uneasy feeling when I come across an Indian American.*]

Thanks to Ms. Sigouney lesson all teachers realized to a certain extent the reality in the real inner city...What you learn may not work...In heated argument (Ms. Sigouney, a clear minded, logical and experienced orator is gaining a lot of ground in the argument), it also made another female white student cry in tears.

Whether Ms. Sigouney did it on purpose or not is not the crucial point. The reality is the "white" felt unfairly "picked on" and categorized for not being able to do the job. They probably felt more hurt since the comment came from a black female teacher who they might unconsciously consider to be not that intelligent, or to be highly discriminative against whites.

I think the lesson was great for it has combined the video (*The Color of Fear*) and real life drama. It proves and confirms that the emotion and pain experienced by individuals of a minority group in racist society are concrete and real. At this moment you can also see it on the face of our white folk who felt they are on the receiving end of it. The emotion and pain from the minorities and blacks on video is one more time vividly experienced by the white folk in our actual classroom...

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

> It is never the intention to do this to our white folk. But if you design a course to fight (for) social justice it is inevitable (this) would be the scenario...I don't know if the white folk have got the message or not since they are busily defending their position...If all of us listen hard enough, we would know that we have to prepare ourselves well by developing sensitivity towards blacks and minority kids in the inner city. After all, this is the main thing this course is supposed to teach...There are a lot of insights for our white teachers in our room. She (Sekani) knows the white culture and she has gone through all the experience of all the kids in her classroom. You can't argue her ability and eligibility. She is an asset and blessing for the black because black teachers are so much under-represented in the schools.

***

When I read students' journal responses to the encounter that evening I am surprised--amazed--and initially puzzled at the evidence that virtually all students had been so deeply engaged and provoked, and at the configurations and variation of their "takes" on the encounter.

What Happened That Day: Sekani's recollections

I remember first and foremost the angry white man. I would walk right past him now if I saw him. Although I suspect he would walk right up to me and know my name. I never confess this to white people because they would be unduly hurt. My inability to remember has more to do with my defense mechanism than with who they really are. I also remember feeling nervous right before the presentation began. Because it was my first presentation and also because the class had just finished watching *The Color of Fear*. It made me feel "Victor."

I gave my intro and assessed the people to give them their roles for the role play. I wasn't surprised that no one wanted to be the teacher. I guess that was because I had told the group that the teacher was set up to fail. Nor was I surprised that it would be the white guy who would take up the gauntlet. White men can never resist the challenge to prove themselves superior.

I remember being startled by the Chinese man (*Tim*). I was sure he would have trouble acting like a Level Three child. Instead I released a "Nicholas Cage." Live and learn.

None of the issues that came up were a surprise either. Jim's feelings of being set up. The white woman who cried. The expression of, "Why don't you feel our (white people's) pain?" The protest of the "You're so mean to us and to the kids." The illusion that good intentions will somehow protect their own psyches. No surprises. Not even a good rebuttal to my remarks.

This was not because they weren't bright. It was because there had been no vehicle in their lives for discussions like this to take place. They need a Black person to confront them with these issues and to illustrate what will happen if they go into teaching with their philosophy and what can happen when someone Black

confronts their philosophy head on. I hope at least some of them took my viewpoints seriously and will use it as a jumping off point to develop a more realistic and effective teaching strategy of their own.

Ann's Fragmentary Recollections of what Happened, "blow by blow," with an assist from Jennifer.

As I (Ann) recall it, during her introduction Sekani told two stories as a way of illustrating how racism has affected and continues to affect her life. One was *The Little Blond Girl* story about an experience Sekani had in Third Grade in a newly desegregated "progressive" public elementary school. After she had told the story, she asked, "What do you think *I* learned from this experience?" After several suggestions to which she responded, "Yes, that too," she told the class the most important message she took from the incident is that sometimes only violence works. (Sekani had beaten up the little blond girl.)

The second story, *Ms. Crutch*, detailed Sekani's encounter with a white teacher in her school. After the conclusion of that story a student asked what makes Sekani think that Ms. Crutch's behavior had anything to do with racism. Sekani, still focused on getting started on the role play activity, which we both still thought of as the "meat" of her presentation (she had planned to use the role play to engender a conversation about discipline), responded to the question, "I find it interesting that you would question my knowledge about this; I simply have no doubt about it."

Sekani then began to assign role play parts to volunteers; each of the 12 who will play one of the "children" is given a sheet on which is written the child's goal (e.g., to sleep, to get kicked out of school, to learn), a script--a few lines that represent the essence of the child's orientation to school; that child's tactics for accomplishing the goal (e.g., sleeping, hitting, name calling, reading a book), an academic level, an "escalation level" and selected aspects of the child's background (e.g. "parental drug abuse," "absence of mother or father," mother is a paraprofessional). If a child has an escalation level of "Level Three" he or she is highly escalating and insubordinate. Scripts for playing the counselor, an angry parent, and a paraprofessional were given out as well.

* * *

Sekani asks for volunteers to play the teacher in the role play, and for sixty seconds or so no one volunteers. I wonder how she will deal this. When Jim volunteered to be the teacher, he received the following "script" to follow:

Role Play Script for Mr/Ms. Prozac

> Your goal is to complete your lesson. Have the children finish their assignment. It must be done carefully and finished by the end of the class period. Do not accept any papers after 20 minutes. You will try to get the students to
>
> 1.Listen to you, and obey the classroom rules I have posed on the wall.

2.Complete the handout. You will correct the students' work, and put a grade on it. DO NOT ACCEPT INCOMPLETE OR INACCURATE WORK.

You will complete a referral form before you send any child to the counselor, as per school rules. You must try to reach the parents of children who have escalated beyond your control to ask them to pick their children up or to arrange a meeting with them.

You must refuse to accept any further students into your classroom no matter how much the principal or counselor insists.

A fight will break out and you will have to deal with it. You will have to contact the parents, fill out a referral form, and suspend the child for this day.

Expect the unexpected and deal with these issues as you feel are best.

Sekani reminds Jim he's set up to fail. He asks her if he can try to succeed.

She sets the timer for twenty minutes and the play begins. There is immediate chaos as the "level three" "children" become possessed by their disruptive roles. Jim, in his role as teacher, immediately calls a class "meeting" to reiterate the class rules that Sekani has taped upon the wall. None of the "children" pay him any heed. Instead, as directed by their scripts, they send paper airplanes into the air, chase one another around the room, punch and return punches. The "Level Ones" observe quietly, stare dreamily into space, read, or raise their hands, unobserved, for help on the work sheets that the teacher has passed out. As the "Level Twos" observe the escalation rise unabated, they join in, as directed by their scripts.

Jim becomes visibly agitated and red. "Sit down," he yells. "WE'RE HAVING A CLASS MEETING." After a few more minutes of chaos, the classroom a virtual madhouse, an angry parent storming into the room, Sekani calls the role play off.

With all players still in position, Jim and Sekani begin the "heated argument" almost all the students will refer to that evening in their journals. Jim: "This situation is totally unrealistic. I've been teaching for a year and I've never seen it happen."

Sekani: "Well I've seen it happen many times in the school where I teach. Especially in the classrooms of white teachers. It's based on my experience. I don't know where you've been teaching."

***

Sekani: "What could you have done to diffuse the situation? Why didn't you use the "para" to send the Level Threes who were out of control to the counselor?"

Jim: "I would never throw a child out of my classroom, no matter what. They'd never trust me if I did that."

Sekani: "Perhaps knowing you will teach them what the limits are might be just what they need in order to learn trust you; abused and neglected children can't be counted on to listen to reason. They may be imitating a parent's drug induced rage.

***

At one point during the "dialogue" between Jim and Sekani Jim goes over to the list of classroom rules Sekani has posted and below rule number eight he writes number nine, "HAVE FUN" in bold letters. He tells the class, "I love being with kids. I'm just a kid, myself."

Sekani: These children don't need an adult kid. They need adult role models, not buddies; they can have fun *after* school. Your job is to teach. If you can't control the classroom, you can't teach. You better not sacrifice the learning of my children to what you think might be the needs of an out of control child. If you want to play, become a camp counselor." In a more modulated voice she adds, "No one should try to heal his conscience by saving poor Black kids."

***

Now, addressing the entire class, Sekani says many white teachers don't understand children who have been abused and experienced violence. At this, Kathy breaks into tears and, speaking through her sobs, tells Sekani she (Sekani) doesn't know much about it if she thinks that there is no alcoholism and violence in white middle class homes.

Sekani : "With all due respect, I am a total stranger; I don't know you. If what I say doesn't apply to you, it doesn't apply. But I'll say this: If I can make you cry by making an off the cuff comment, you're in even bigger trouble when you get into a classroom and school filled with people like me."

***

Sekani says she can understand that some whites fear Black children and adults. She says she herself fears whites, particularly rednecks. Jim: "I don't appreciate your comments about rednecks; some of my best friends are rednecks." Sekani: "Then you may want to reconsider working in a predominantly Black environment. None of us are too keen on YOUR friends."

***

Sekani says she wants her children to become militant Black Americans--she explains that this means "activists, breaking into banks with computors--not guns--and depositing money into the school systems' accounts. Just kidding---no I'm not."

***

Lois breaks into Jim and Sekani's "dialogue" to say she wants, in the remaining ten minutes, to hear how Sekani would deal with Level Three students. We all return to our seats.

***

Sekani, describing the summer encounter to another section of the Diversity class the following Fall, told them, "When I gave the presentation I was honest about my politics. I assumed the students would take what they needed and leave the rest. The whole issue of how to teach Black children and what was being left out that the District and the Department don't teach you got completely dismissed. What got everyone's attention was me as a Black woman and the anger I obviously felt and my clear "reverse racism." It didn't take me long to realize that race was the number one issue on these students' minds. It was ridiculous how a total stranger could walk into a room and in two hours get two people crying. In two hours I was able to do what I used to watch Black kids do to these same teachers.

I (Ann) recall standing on the periphery watching the process of confrontation unfurl. I recall having absolute confidence that Sekani would do the right thing. Perhaps a few years ago I would have been afraid that, somehow, "the administration" would find out what happened and question my judgment, or that the students would, as a result of the escalating feelings, give me bad teaching evaluations. But what I remember most was my stunned realization about how much further many students still had to go—that though we were nearing the conclusion of the course, we had only begun to scratch the surface in confronting the students' racist conditioning. I think I also realized in that moment that my surprise was a good indication of how far I still had to go.

Ann's First "Take:" A Clash of Live Social Accents

> (A)... multiplicity of social languages make up the apparent unity of a national language... Bakhtin's word for these various languages is heteroglossia...(I)t is a word he coins himself to allude to the multiplicity of actual "languages" which are at any time spoken by the speakers of any "language." These are the languages of social groups and classes, of professional groups, of generations, and the different languages for different occasions that speakers adopt even within these broader distinctions (Dentith, 1995,34-5).
>
> (A)ll the words of a language are charged with ..multifarious and conflictual meanings...( ) No word can be spoken without an evaluative accent, without an attitude adopted towards that of which it speaks. (ibid, 38)

The students and I have been discussing racism, class injustice and sexism together for over twenty hours during the previous eight sessions of the class. In the segment on racism we have done the following: the students have written their racial autobiographies, and we have discussed how all of us, white and of color, have been exposed (and are still being exposed) to a multiplicity of racist images and misinformation, from the media, from our schools, teachers and text books, in fact, from all the social institutions of the society, including the

health care system, the legal system, and churches and synagogues. We have labeled the systematic and naturalized mistreatment and misrepresentation "institutionalized racism." We have seen video clips that made some of the venues where racism is experienced visible, including a video clip narrated by Diane Sawyer that shows, through the use of hidden cameras, the differential treatment a Black and a white man receive, at employment centers, department stores, by the police. We have also seen a video that shows the effects of these racist messages on people of color. It is a portrayal of two young Black men, one light skinned, the other dark, whose friendship is affected by the messages the two of them, like the rest of us, received about the negative valuation of darker skin. We have named one set of effects of institutionalized racism on people of color—their internalization and acceptance of the racist messages as valid—"internalized racism." We have read first hand accounts of how racism has been experienced by people of color and by white people, and has been resisted by members of both groups.

We have done a "White Privilege" exercise. After circling the "white privileges" outlined by Peggy McIntosh (1995) that people can exercise on the basis of their race ("privileges" such as never being "asked to speak for all the members of my race," or being "able to use checks, credit cards or cash and be able to count on my skin color not to work against the appearance of financial reliability"), I asked the students to tally up their scores. I then asked the highest scorers (those who circled 35-46) to stand on one side of the room; the moderate scorers to stand opposite them, and the remaining students to stand along a third side. We then observed the results: with one exception, we had recreated a visual representation of the category system known in English speaking societies as "race." Each was asked to say how he or she felt and what he or she thought about the exercise, and why the one white person who claimed to have only a moderate number of "privileges" might have "gotten lost."

We are, of course, having these conversations in English. English learned in New York in the 'Seventies, Hong Kong in the 'Fifties, Iowa, the Philippines, California (Simi Valley, Hunters' Point, Palo Alto), in Black, mixed, Latina and Chinese neighborhoods and white. On the day of Sekani's visit we are speaking English, and on the evening of the encounter the students write their reflections on the visit in English. We say or write "civil," "quality relationships," "chip on her shoulder," "redneck," "lash out," "unprofessional," "one sided." And "militant." Since we are all English speakers, we take it for granted that we know what one another means.

Let us consider this supposed mutual understanding by looking at the fortunes of the word "militant." In her introduction Sekani tells us her agenda is to teach Black boys and girls to become militant. At the time I don't give this a second thought. After all, we have already discussed James Baldwin's proposal to teach Black children that "those streets, those dangers, those agonies by which they are surrounded ...are the result of a criminal conspiracy to destroy him and that he must never make his peace with it (1988, 11)," and I have been

left with the impression that most of the students endorse Baldwin's project. (The same Denise who described Sekani's views as invasive and violent, had written in her journal less than two weeks earlier, "Unfortunately, Baldwin's message is still as urgent in today's world...It stirs me, a white female teacher, to be more of an advocate to all children.")

Instead of wondering how the students will react to Sekani's use of the term "militant," my mind drifts to a course Sekani had taken with me almost a year ago. It is October, 199—and I am teaching a social studies curriculum course. The focus this day is on what we are trying to accomplish as we teach social studies, and the principles we might use for deciding what to teach. It is Sekani's turn to get some early feedback on her proposal for her "unit" which is the major project for the course. Sekani has created a computer game intended to teach children what it takes to run your own business. As I see it, the game is a computerized version of Junior Achievement, an extra-curricular program I myself enthusiastically engaged in an upper middle class white community during high school in the 'Fifties. In Junior Achievement we made and sold candy and in the process learned the virtues of punctuality, competition, thrift, and getting ahead at any cost.

No one offers anything but praise for the proposed unit. There is no evidence that anyone sees that our previous critical analysis of the values of competition, individualism, and greed that underlay the ethic of capitalism would apply equally to the project Sekani has proposed. I knew Sekani and at least a few others wanted, in addition to promoting the advancement of poor people and people of color as individuals, to encourage children to work towards the empowerment of these groups and to the redressing of injustices by changing the institutions that perpetuate them. I had taken it for granted that they would therefore raise questions about Sekani's proposal.

I had also assumed our previous discussions of how racism has insinuated itself into all our social institutions, including schools, and our examination of the difference between teaching for the advancement of each individual child as opposed to teaching for social and institutional change would have been brought to bear on our examination of Sekani's computer game. In an attempt to encourage Sekani and some of the others to consider the unit from a revolutionary or social change perspective, I ask, "What would James Baldwin say about Sekani's game?"

(Recently I asked Sekani if she recalls this moment in the same way I do, and she says she does. "That Social Studies course gave me permission to be political in my teaching--to teach Black boys and girls to become militant Black adults.")

Until I began to analyze the class' encounter with Sekani I did not see her use of the term "militant" as pivotal. I did not see that term as seething with multifarious and conflicting meanings, as a highly charged term that fits variously into each of the many social languages (called in some traditions of social theory

"discourses") that huddle together under the canopy of what we call the English language. Since the encounter had occurred after the series of activities designed to enable students to think in the "language" of critical multiculturalism—a multiculturalism that focused on the necessity of institutional as well as personal change--I unconsciously assumed that after thirty hours of classroom conversation, films, and exercises, the language of (white) privilege would no longer be the primary language that Margie, Sally, Denise, Kathy, Martha, Jim and others would use to get a fix on the encounter. This language of liberal or mainstream multiculturalism—which for most students was their first and dominant language-- with its focus on the goal of individual change and individual achievement, and its tacit assumption that white privilege is "normal," shadowed the processes of institutional and systematic racism. Consequently, these white students were virtually compelled to interpret militancy as violence irrationally perpetrated against them by angry Black people who were, as Denise put it, "infested by negativity." Margie felt "scared," "intimidated;" Sally: "I assimilated it with words like military and war." Denise: "Her use of the word militant was adversarial...she spouted off. She started to lash out...Our community was stormed by the militia." Martha: "The word 'militarism'..(is) negative and emphasizes the need to fight and remain separate and hostile."

After coming face to face with Sekani's anger and frustration at the lack of respect accorded to her experience as a Black person in the U.S. and in our classroom ("She's not an expert."), many of these students had become deaf to the one clear statement I had made after Sekani's departure: before the session ended for the day I had asked students what they thought Sekani meant by the term militant. I then told them I placed Sekani and her use of the word militant in the tradition of James Baldwin. I used my authority as teacher to encourage them to hear Sekani's use of that word in the language of anti-racist, social justice, revolutionary thought. I told them to accent militancy, not as random and senseless violence, but as action for justice in an unjust world.

In the film *The Color of Fear* that the students had seen in the hour and a half preceding Sekani's visit, Victor, an African American man, gives furious and eloquent voice to his experience of racism, including the emotion-laden, "I'm so god damn sick and tired of hearing that...." In past semesters there had always been at least one white student whose initial reaction to Victor's anger was to refuse to even consider its validity. I must have assumed that this would be the case this time, so I did not enlist Victor as an example of a proponent of militancy as action for social justice. Had I known that there were students like Denise who had, to some extent, been able to hear Victor's anger but not Sekani's, I would have enlisted, in addition to Baldwin's, Victor's prestige as well.

But words are always open to various and contrary interpretations. Others—Carol, Daren, Jennifer--comprehended "militant" primarily in terms of an anti-racist/social justice language. Lois defends teaching militancy cautiously: "I would rather have children develop pride, strength, maybe become *a bit* militant."

No question but that some of the various languages of white supremacy were ready at the fore for interpreting "militancy," but Sekani, I think, both wittingly and not, surfaced their use as *The Color of Fear*, evidently, and surprisingly, had not. She did this by her living presence, her African style dress, her confident appearing, assertive manner, her demeanor (though she was nervous she did not appear to be so), by the very title of her talk, "Boot Camp for Teachers." And by her stories about the blond girl with the swooshing hair and the white teachers at her school. In retrospect, I see that it would have been amazing if no one had felt Sekani's take on militancy was frightening and dangerous, and associated with violence, and everyone had, instead, heard the presentation in terms of politically progressive anti-racist discourse. But, most students who spoke out heard Sekani in a different language than she was speaking. As Isaiah noted, "Jim attacked her (political) agenda and not the issue of teaching children of color."

Despite their differences, every student in the class had access to a number of the competing languages that make up the apparent unity of the national language. Though all had been inducted, to some degree, into U.S. society through languages that embodied Western capitalist and white supremacist world views, they are post B.A. students and are "well educated:" they have at least learned something about civil rights, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King. And in my course they have, among other experiences, read bell hooks, and seen *The Color of Fear*. We have clues to some of the heteroglossic struggle within them that results from their exposure to, and internalization of, the multiple languages: Jim, who feels "(T)he woman facilitator...is not very sensitive to the feelings of everyone" and has "a very one-sided point of view," "has many thoughts running around in his head." For a moment, at least, he thinks in the anti-racist language that is less familiar to him: "The emotions I'm feeling are probably very similar to the emotions that many people of color have in regard to the way they have been treated in the past and present." Julia, herself a woman of color, at first accents militancy as justified anger--she describes her sympathy, after seeing *The Color of Fear*, for men of color. However, after having the "film come to life" in the person of Sekani, she writes that the person speaking out for militancy "has too big a chip on her shoulder," and that she feels sorry for Jim.

Kathy, the sociology major, well schooled in anti-racist languages, too experiences an internal battle between contending ways to accent militancy. She responds to *The Color of Fear* in terms of an anti-racist framework (perhaps because Victor briefly acknowledges awareness of the difficulties facing white women): "I learned a lot from Victor." However, the evening of the encounter with Sekani, Kathy resolves the battle among

languages for interpreting it that is raging inside her by hearing and portraying Sekani as hostile, condemning and condescending. She sees her in the terms of the language of the white privileged.

Denise recounts *her* internal battle: at first, anticipation, then doubt: "Militant. That word did not set well with me;" then her struggle to be with Sekani: "Her mention of the white women in her life ...were all negative. That was her experience. Her comments didn't hit me the way they did some women in the class. But towards the end of the session she got louder and angrier. I felt she started to lash out." Having initially asserted Jim's defensiveness, within seconds Denise comes to see through Jim's white male eyes.--"I understand why he wanted to be heard...his ideals should not be challenged by a stranger...she is not an expert." Sekani becomes "the militia" storming "our warm community," who desires to humiliate her and other white aspiring teachers; like Julia, she reads Sekani's anger as "a chip on her shoulder."

We each have multiple selves, each speaking a different language. Many factors influence which self will speak and listen in a given moment.

***

> Any utterance ...takes place between language users who are socially marked in the very languages they use (Dentith, 1995, 34).

Twenty eight of us, twenty three of whom are women (including Sekani and Ann), engage on this day in a two and a half hour conversation. But we are not simply teacher, students and guest lecturer. We each bear marks of historical forces of oppression and privilege, and these affect how we hear one another, the languages we use, and the accents we give to both what we hear and what we say.

The two white men enter the class bearing the privileges and prestige that institutionalized sexism and racism accord them, statuses that predispose others to see our classroom experiences through their eyes. Had they wanted to they could not have divested themselves of the power accorded to their white male voices. Struggle against it though some did, on the evening when they wrote their initial responses to the verbal exchanges between Jim and Sekani, when the dust had settled, many of the white students and Celia as well were looking at the event through Jim's eyes. Had the other white male student, Daren, expressed his views publicly, things might have gone differently.

I, white and middle class, carried the power invested in me by the state, to award grades and credit that permit students to teach in public schools; this authority is enhanced because the course is state-mandated, a fact I had not failed to emphasize the first day of class. I garner additional power by virtue of the prestigious academic language my students sometimes hear me speak. This accords me respect for my presumed knowledge and expertise, so when I speak, as Sally will later write in her journal, students listen. (Few students

recognize that as a Lecturer, particularly in a Department of Elementary Education, my voice actually carries little prestige in the academic hierarchy.) My whiteness and my native social class have facilitated my "earning" this presumption of expertise. The power that flows from my gender dilutes some of my authority. Had I been white and male, Jim's reading of the classroom conversation would surely have been different.

Though I enhanced Sekani's credibility and legitimated her perspective by "handing" her the class (Denise: "As a guest her opinions are validated...that alarms me...I wondered why you didn't intervene"), her words were still heard by many as less legitimate because she was female and Black. Tim knew this: "The 'white' probably felt more hurt since the comment came from a black female teacher who might unconsciously be considered to be not that intelligent." Daren: "A dynamic (that I absolutely will not bring up in class) is that Jim was not prepared to accept... critique from an African American woman, especially one as strong and militant as today's speaker."

It was, then, given to me, privileged by race, class and schooling, to legitimate Sekani's right to teach children in public school classrooms to be militant, and to put Sekani into a position to raise the issue of militancy so powerfully in "my" class. I used the prestige of my position to attempt to encourage students to reaccent civility and militancy, to take particular meanings from Sekani's words, to read Sekani's views in an uncommon way.

***

> Any attempt at a complete study of language would address itself to...the relation of the utterance to its context...(Dentith, 1995, 38) Verbal communication can never be understood and explained outside of ..(its) connection with a concrete situation (ibid, 140).

How to understand the absolute uniqueness of the concrete situation—this particular two and a half hour conversation set within a more extended conversation of forty-five hours? One factor of great significance, one over which I have the least control, is who is present---the racial, cultural, class and gender mix, the presence of students who have witnessed and are willing to bear witness to various forms of racism (Berlak, 1999), of students who arrive in the classroom the first day of class willing or reticent to express their thoughts and feelings. All this is, with one exception, beyond my control: I can invite a guest speaker. An invitation to a militant (or mainstream) Latina, Chinese American or Filipino would have changed the context significantly.

The overwhelming whiteness of the class shaped and gave all words spoken particular accents. There was only one African American student. Had there been even a few more African Americans, perhaps Kathy, Denise and Jim would have been less willing to express and then begin to confront their fear of and anger towards them, and Isaiah would likely have felt less shut out, less invisible, more comfortable exploring to what

extent his feelings of invisibility were the result of his "trippin." Had I not invited Sekani I am certain Isaiah would have engaged in our classroom conversations even less than he did.

Significant as well is that this was a summer class, telescoped into three weeks; we could not go home at night and put thoughts about the course aside for the week. Distractions of work and family that might divert our eyes from the issues we were engaging were limited.

***

> (Every) word comes to its user already marked by its history, bearing the traces of its previous uses(Dentith, 1995, 37).
>
> (Utterances are part of) a dialogue between different meanings the same word has at different stages in the history of a given national language (Holquist, 1990, 6)

On the day of Sekani's visit I step back and watch what I now see as in part a conversation about how to accent the word militancy, a conversation carried on across decades in a variety of social/historical languages in which the various meanings of militancy are embedded.

We had all brought our various historically marked understandings of "militant" into the room. Sekani, whose mother had been a Black Panther, and I had both learned to hear militancy in terms of languages of social justice in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies, though I was in my thirties and Sekani in her teens. I had come to identify militancy with social justice by listening to and reading the stigmatized marginal languages of protest, spoken by people like Sekani's mother. Though Sekani and I shared some history, some meanings and some languages, there was, of course, much that we did not share. For most students in the Diversity class, however, still under thirty years of age, who came of age in an era of backlash to the Civil Rights Movement, militancy accented as social justice was at best a shadowy counter point to the centripetal national language of their text books and the media that often represent African Americans as inexplicably violent and celebrate particular definitions of civility, respect and the status quo. Were media-implanted images of African Americans setting fires in Los Angeles after the acquital of the policemen who beat Rodney King attached in their minds to the word "militant," even though Asian and Latinos were the major groups involved? What did militancy mean to Joe, in whose hometown the fateful acquittal occurred?

What Happened Next

Processing the Encounter

The evening of Sekani's visit I think primarily about how I will process the encounter the next day in class. As the journal entries I will read the following evening indicate, I am not the only one thinking about what comes next. When class begins the following morning I have decided to ask everyone to write answers to eight questions I dictate. After each question has been posed and each student has answered it in writing, I systematically go around the circle, asking at least four students to read their answers to that question aloud. No one is to speak to what she hears her classmate say: "No cross talk." Everyone has "the right to pass." I ask:

1. What do you think Sekani wanted to teach us?
2. What do you think she meant when she said she wanted her students to become militant?
3. What do you think she wanted us to know about white teachers working with Black children?
4. How do you feel about the presentation?
5. How did you feel about Sekani's story of the blond girl?
6. How do you think Sekani feels about white people?
7. Should I invite Sekani back, and if so should I ask her to change her presentation in any particular way?
8. Where do you disagree with Sekani?

The number of responses I solicited to be spoken aloud after each question was, as I see it now, based upon my only dimly understood intention to make sure that students could hear the range of feelings about, perspectives on and responses to each question that existed in the class. When I later look at the written answers I see no evidence that any perspective even one student had written had been left unspoken. No surprises. I feel my goal had been achieved.

I recall also that, after four or five students had read their responses to a question, I gave my own thoughts about it. At the end of the processing session I also said something about how we all, myself included, needed to reflect upon how we respond to anger, particularly when it is directed at those of us who are members of dominant groups by members of groups that are targeted by forms of oppression. According to what I can reconstruct from my "lesson plan," we then moved on to another topic: a discussion of language oppression and the implications for us as present and future teachers.

Reverberations: Students' Journal Responses to our Processing of the Encounter

Jennifer Victor (*Color of Fear*), Sekani and the children are pissed off--and rightfully so!!! I think it is very important to think about what it means to be angry. We touched on it a bit in class--but it needs to be taken further...You know the phrase "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all"? How oppressive!!! Anger is an emotion which is just as valid as any other...

Some people in our class felt attacked and uncomfortable when Sekani expressed her anger in front of them....I suppose she pushed some of us out of our comfort zones---the safety and security that comes along with privilege. It reminds me of one of our first readings—"Beloved Community" *(by bell hooks)*

which tells us that "White people who commit themselves to living in anti-racist ways need to make sacrifices, to COURAGEOUSLY ENDURE THE UNCOMFORTABLE, to challenge and change."

Jim *(Handwritten)* Today's class *(i.e. the debriefing session)* helped me internalize the messages that were hard for me to grasp yesterday. While the role play exercise was in progress, and while I was listening to Sekani it was very hard to look beyond the feelings I was having. I have to admit that I was angered and defensive towards her methods of presentation. Therefore, having an evening and a class discussion definitely helped me look at and comprehend the underlying and important messages.

The major message that I was awakened to was Sekani's attempt to teach people the reality of behavior in inner city schools. While the exercise was in progress I was much more aware of how I was feeling and not really in tune with the feelings and needs of the other students. After giving everything a chance to digest it was much easier to see the benefits on a holistic level instead of a personal and defensive level.

(Final journal entry:) The last comment I want to make is that I feel I'm really starting to "GET IT." The comment in the class the other day about how others perceive you really hit home...What I'm starting to realize is that no matter what I feel, others have feelings and images that are just as real, and also based on years of experience.

Daren *(Final journal entry, July __)* It was not until I began writing (the journal) that I realized that Jim and Sekani's different races and genders were probably a big part of why he became so defensive.

Kathy I felt much better after today's class. I enjoyed the debriefing exercise. I had such a violent reaction on Tuesday night that I was unable to focus on any positive aspect of Sekani's presentation. After I had the experience of hearing other people's perspectives I realized that I had learned and gained more than I thought. I think it was good for me to hear her anger and to examine the deep feelings it brought up for me. I do admire her strength, her conviction, her honesty and her ability to express her anger. I think politics definitely influences pedagogy, whether we acknowledge it or not, and I appreciate her willingness to openly identify her biases.

I still feel that interpersonal relationships need to begin with a basic sense of respect. I guess Sekani's point was not to establish quality relationships with us but to share her classroom experience. I am still upset with some of her attitudes but at least now I can identify some value in the experience.

Denise I wasn't sure how the class was going to launch into Tuesday's experience. I thought the way you approached tackling our feelings was a successful method. My heart rate increased as the questions progressed.

It wasn't until we were talking that it dawned on me that my reaction to Sekani was so complex. In addition to the "reasons why" I wrote in my journal I also know now that I tune out when I am in the presence of loud anger. I am not very adept at dealing with confrontation...I now see that Sekani's aural/verbal expression/anger/aggressiveness...are all expressions of "being" that I may encounter as a teacher and as a person at some point.

At the first break Margie commented that I expressed her feelings and probably a lot of others in the class who were not speaking up. We talked about how we probably would not be teaching in the district. Sekani confirmed that we would almost "avoid" a situation like that...I know there are multi cultural schools out there that are not infested with the negativity that Sekani depicts.

Ellen said something that has stuck in my head...that she has done a lot of work on herself to get beyond certain things and that Sekani's anger didn't affect her...The fact that I didn't get beyond Sekani's anger --I don't think that means I need to work on myself. I am not sure what it means other than that she is the way she is. I am the way I am. My lenses are changing, yes. I will have to learn how to respond to someone like Sekani and not let her words cause me to breakdown (at least in front of her).

Lois I agreed with Daren's point that her (Sekani's) personal politics were fine to introduce but she should not have let the class focus on them. That is sort of what I meant when I said that the blond-haired girl story might alienate people and she should anticipate that and avoid it if her goal was to get through the "lesson." Even though Leslie experienced self-doubt (and so did I a little) this experience made me feel even more determined.

Isaiah Professor Berlak, I really feel some of our classmates were intimidated by Sista Sekani. ...I'm really glad you did the *(debriefing)* exercise so the many emotions of our classmates could be heard...I know you would like me to speak more when we have open discussions, but I don't believe our classmates can even hear ME. ..I feel totally shut out sometimes in our class and that may be ME "trippin." Sometimes I have a hard time articulating my message, even though I have a college degree, even though I have worked in a classroom for six years in the district, even though I have worked in a community program, even though I have written grants and received many awards, even though I know I belong HERE! This is how I FEEL right now. ANGRY. Thanks Professor Berlak. I needed to know how people really see me. I hope this class awakes my fellow classmates...It has certainly been an awakening for me.

(Ann's written response: to Isaiah's journal entry:) Most students said they appreciated Sekani and heard her. Sekani is not at all surprised that people couldn't or wouldn't listen to her. She knows how some white people see Black people. I doubt if your classmates Fall and Spring were any different. (Hard, but true.)

(Isaiah's rewrite of the conclusion to a paper on what to teach Sam, a Black child he had interviewed. Written 7.17 A large "NOW I GET IT" is written on the front.) Finally , my goal for Sam is to be a "soldier," NOT a ghetto soldier but a soldier. My soldier will learn tactics of survival, fight the injustices of people who are racist...know who your enemy is and confront your enemy, know who your allies are and talk to them always. Sekani was honest about her agenda. So I guess my agenda is to teach a little soldier who will be smart, real tough, (physically and mentally) and educated.

Margie I'm going to write a bit more about Sekani's visit...I have to admit I'm still processing it. I know it will take some time. I feel a bit better today after listening to others in the class talk about their impressions. In particular I related to one woman's statement that she felt discouraged and upset when she left class yesterday. That's the way I felt. I went home thinking maybe I'm not the right person to teach in a classroom like Sekani's. And maybe I'm not. I think that's okay to admit...How would I deal with the anger I most likely would be confronted with? I don't know.

Final journal entry, July --: I'm still thinking of Sekani's visit. Of course I am. I feel like my insides have been ripped out and have been replaced, and I think it will take some time to heal! So far, this has been my range of emotions: Intimidation, fear, defensive attitude, hopelessness, realization, guilt, confusion, hope, understanding, admiration, respect. And I would say that's just the tip of the iceberg.

Sally In reflecting on today's class I have to say that I appreciated that Berlak (you, Dr. Berlak) took the time out of our busy class "discussion schedule" to give us her opinion. I think many teachers go through an

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

entire semester of lessons and lectures and discussions without opening up to their students about their viewpoints...I feel that when Dr. Berlak gave her opinions (on Sekani's intentions and on her feelings about white people) that she was contributing a lot to her students. I feel we as students highly respect many college professors. When one talks, I listen.

Tim *(Final journal entry)* In my opinion one great achievement in this course is that all of us are getting emotionally involved. Teachers nowadays may have paid too much attention to the cognitive development of our children at the sacrifice of ...genuine love and passion for people different from ours.

I felt, experienced and learned most during my personal 'encounters,' quoting Dr. Berlak's words, with people of different ethnicities, in watching the film "*Color of Fear*" and in subsequent 'encounter' with Sekani.

Shiu Lung Li *(Shiu Lung Li, aged 40, grew up in Hong Kong and immigrated to the United States the year before the televised beating of Rodney King by the police in Los Angeles. His journal response to the class, written the evening of Sekani's visit, did not mention Sekani at all. He referred only to The Color of Fear. I found his silence with respect Sekani's visit puzzling since he was ordinarily a very comprehensive writer.)*

As our classmates continued to react to yesterday's situation when we have a visitor to share with us her very genuine experience...there is one single but very important thing that might have been overlooked. The point to make here is that as a teacher we must never at any one time while inside a classroom be carried away by our emotions. Teachers are like postmen, they are all supposed to deliver...If teachers are to fulfill this holy job of theirs...while a teacher is teaching he/she then should be the one in control, not only controlling the class situation, but also controlling himself/herself by not losing control of one's emotion. But yesterday for that short period of time the guest speaker and some of us let our own emotions take over. That is bad. While it is understandable that at that particular moment in time all anger and frustration and long-suppressed emotion have fused together and finally exploded, yet one has to remain under control, letting not our emotions to take over. We are all eye witnesses to the result--the original good intention of the guest speaker got totally washed down...The very valid lesson I learned once again is: no matter how good your teaching materials are, if your message failed to get through it's wasted. *(Ann wrote, "I do think a lot of people learned some very important lessons. One lesson I take from what you say here is that there are significant differences between your cultural style and Sekani's.")*

(From Shiu Lung Li's final journal entry) A week ago Dr. Berlak asked for my agreement to read out in class my autobiographical writing on social class...If this had happened six years ago I would have politely turned Dr. Berlak down, saying this is a rather personal matter...But now I have been in America long enough to allow change to occur without myself even noticing it. I am not a shy person, but definitely not as outgoing as the Americans. There is this distinctive difference between the Chinese and American culture. Later when my piece was being read out, I blushed. I blushed because I have such mixed emotions. Time has overpowered me. I still remember when I left Hong Kong and while I was on board the plane, I kept asking myself, "How much are you going to change?"

The film The *Color of Fear*, the book *School Girls*, the articles, the words from my peer Isaiah and guest visitor all pointed to one fact--racism existed in the past and it is still very much alive despite disbelief by so many. I sensed the pain caused to us last week after we did the role-play in a classroom situation. The tension grew, the anger exploded, the self-image challenged, the fear and distance created, and yet the feelings so true. It was through pain that we learn more about pain *(caused by racism)* and that we learn

to avoid causing it. Through argument we see truth and through struggle we see hope. It may take human beings another hundred years or more to eradicate racism if we don't educate our young. Only true respect for another race will get us out of trouble--a lesson now deeper and internalized in me....I rarely look at ethnicity and culture like the way I do now than before I studied the issue. I took it very superficially and have never ventured far enough to get to its core.

(Exert from Shiu Lung Li's final project on African American culture. July 15) My first impression I had about Black people is: they are dark-skinned, have big eyes, thick lips, strong built and have curly hair. When I was about nine I went to see the Harlem Basketball team from USA in Hong Kong. These guys' skills really amazed me. However, when I asked my relatives about who these people are, they told me that Black people were mostly illiterate, lazy. So growing up, negative images of African Americans continue to build up. In American movies, Black people had always been portrayed as lazy, dishonest, hateful, poorly educated. They are the bad guys...Therefore, in the "sixties when I saw the movie, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, in which Gregory Peck played the part of a white lawyer defending a Black man who was accused of raping a white woman, I thought, why should the white man defend the Black man? The distorted image continued to grow as I grew up. In the foreign news pages we often read news about Black people being convicted of all major crimes...and they always took part in riots. Those news came from the American news agency, the Associated Press....So powerful was that silent message that I too was tattooed...Since the issue of racism had no bearing in my life in those days, so I never attempt finding any information about it.

Glimpse of the Tip of an Iceberg. When I first came to this country the distorted image of the Black people continued to stay in my mind. Then one day I saw a documentary film about the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. This aroused my curiosity about racism. Few months later came the Rodney King case, followed by the L.A. riots...I began to realize racism is of major concern in this country.

Close Encounter of the First Kind. A year ago I became a teacher working in the District. The day was September 16, 199-. I have just finished my preliminary interview by the head of the District, and was told to see the principal of a nearby elementary school right away because they needed a bilingual teacher there. In the cab, I was still enjoying the sweet success of being recommended for the job. But that moment was short lived when I walked into the school office. I was met by a Black lady and sitting next to her is another Black lady talking on the phone. But that's not it, I saw five Black children sitting in another room waiting. Then came the biggest surprise of all--the principal's door opened and out came the Principal, a Black lady in a black dress (my Principal loves to wear black.) My throat got stuck. The first encounter was brief, but the effect everlasting. I had met eight African Americans at one time!!! The dose was too heavy for me. When I finally emerged out of the principal's room, I asked myself an honest question, "Do I want to teach here?" But I accepted the job, a job that helped me to change my view towards a race I barely knew.

Another Look Through Bakhtin's Lenses: What Goes Around, Comes Around. How Teaching Matters

> ...(Every) utterance must be seen as ...a response...(and) every utterance expects a response. (Dentith, 1995, 38)...(An utterance is) shot through with anticipations of, and rejoinders to, the words of an other (ibid, 46).

Multiple conversations converge in the moments we are telling of, each composed of innumerable rejoinders to and anticipations of others' responses. I invite Sekani to my class because, as I see it now –though I was only vaguely conscious of it at the time-- I want the students to engage with her militancy. What I was most aware of at the time, however, was that my invitation was a rejoinder to my conversation with Sekani about the relevance of the Diversity course; her comment was, in some small part, a response to my teaching about militancy in the social studies curriculum course she had previously taken with me. My invitation is also in part a continuation of many conversations I had with Inuka Mwanguzi, a Black student of mine more than thirty years ago, from whom I first began to learn about militancy.

I set up the processing of Sekani's visit so the students can hear their classmates' multiple and varied responses to what she has said, my intention—again only partly conscious at the time-- to spur ongoing internal conversations and conversations with one another and with "outsiders" as well (most of which I will never know about)--and with me through the journals.

I take sides in the complex negotiation in the politics of language, but cautiously: I choose my battles. I do not intervene during Sekani's presentation, though I close the class on the day of the encounter by telling the students what meaning I want them to take from the word "militancy." On the final day of class, I speak of the letter Sekani has written to the students as a follow up to her visit as a "Love Letter," the appellation an implicit rejoinder to those students who have written that perhaps Sekani's presentation was intended to anger or humiliate them. I accent militancy as social justice on the day of the visit and later in the journals by identifying Sekani's views with those of James Baldwin and of Victor in *The Color of Fear*. Both of these utterances are anticipations of students' views as well as rejoinders to views they have already expressed.

Shiu-lung Li has written "Some of us let our emotions take over. That is bad...The original good intention of the guest speaker got totally washed down." In response, I write "One lesson I take from what you say here is that there are significant differences between you and Sekani in cultural style." This is in part a response to what I had learned from a paper Sekani had written when she was a student in the Diversity course, about Fayjan and Dorothy, two Chinese women her uncle had married, and her interviews with three Chinese teachers. My intention to encourage Shiu Lung Li to understand differences in cultural style and consider the value of expressing anger is in part a response to Sekani's interpretation of Fayjan's suicide as flowing from an inability to "deal with the complexities of a culture for which (she had) no frame of reference." I hope to encourage Shiu-lung Li to consider becoming more bi-cultural--in this instance this would mean listening to and trying to make sense of what people are saying even when their voices are accented with passion. Sekani's reflections on her aunts and the Chinese teachers was a response to an assignment I put to her in the Diversity class in which

she was, officially, my student, and from which she, and then, through her, I learned more about the complexities that a term like "Chinese" masks in San Francisco at the end of the millinium.

***

> (There are) at any given time, in any given place, a set of powerful but highly unstable conditions at work that will give a word uttered then and there a meaning that is different from what it would be at other times and in other places (Utterences)...depend...upon the ..historical forces at work when (they are) produced and consumed..(Holquist, 1990, 68-9).

This historical moment brings Shiu Lung Li and Tony to the scene from Hong Kong, as it had brought to Hong Kong the Harlem Globe Trotters, *To Kill a Mockingbird* and the Associated Press news casts that "tattooed" Shiu Lung Li with racist images of African Americans when he was a child. Along with many other thoughts, Shiu Lung Li had brought with him into our classroom the colonial legacy of a British education, and a Chinese as well as British cultural tendency to eschew public expressions of feeling. All this had come into internal dialogue with Shiu Lun Li's images of "riots," then of civil rights marches, then of "close encounters" with African Americans as a result of the Consent Decree of 1981 which required The District's schools to desegregate, so that in no school would there be more than 45% of any given ethnic group, and at least four racial/ethnic groups would be represented in each school. In the moment all this came into dialogue with Sekani who arrived bearing the imprint of the Civil Rights Movement and a recently reaccented understanding of Chinese women, both her Chinese female teaching colleagues and the wives of her uncle. Sekani had written, "If I had not gotten to know these teachers through interviewing them and writing about what they had told me I would have thought them narrow minded bigots." (Sekani seems not, however, to carry images of her Chinese counterparts--militant Chinese American women.) Shiu Lung Li had come to the scene at a particular point in his acculturation, a process he continued in our classroom.

The historical moment brings Daren, Carol and Jennifer to the scene, a small minority who have been exposed, primarily through university courses to, and internalized, anti-racist perspectives which are infrequently these days brought into my classrooms by students born just as the Civil Rights movement began to wane. It also brings to our classroom a majority of white students as well as Julia and Isaiah who came of age in a racist society and have never before discussed racism in a classroom. Sekani brings the history of the Black Power Movement as she confronts Isaiah's understanding of what it means to "an angry black boy."

I bring to the moment a history of years of learning, from the childhood experience of growing up in a Southern/Northern city and experiencing social/historical changes in the meanings of race that span half a century. I also bring, thanks in part to my many careful meditations on my teaching (Berlak, 1994 ,1999), an

increasing ability to confront and not avoid conflict, feeling, anger in my classroom. Like Jennifer, I bring gratitude for the generosity of those people, particularly women of color, Inuka and Sekani among them, who have been willing to clue me in.

In that moment are also those events that have become enshrined in history world wide, including the converging and diverging legacies of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King as conveyed by the media and schooling, though these men's names may never have been mentioned that summer in our classroom.

***

> Some versions of the language enjoy prestige and others do not ...(Context includes the) genres which determine the ways people speak in different circumstances...(Genres are) the drive belts from the history of society to the history of language((Holquist, 1990, 36-39).

The normative/ dominant speech genre of dispassion. The languages *I* had been using in my classroom prior to Sekani's visit—the "rules of the game" (Mc Carthy, 1998, 66) I wanted the students to follow --were the languages of anti-white supremacist, anti-racist education. The students brought into the classroom the more common languages of teaching and learning that predominate in classrooms at all levels of instruction in the U.S. at the present time. Like all languages, ours both limited and dictated what we could and could not say and see (Ellsworth, 1997, 16). Though they illuminated they also limited the students' and my abilities both to anticipate how the other would respond and to make sense of the other's responses.

The more prestigious standard for "proper" student and teacher speech and behavior, implicit in the dominant languages of teaching and learning prevailing among students at the time, were like the anti-racist discourses I was using in at least one way: They shared was a particular definition of "good" student behavior and of politeness, civility and respect that excluded expression of passionate feeling (Ellsworth, 1997, p.83). In the 'Sixties and the 'Seventies, in an era when passionate responses to injustice were more commonly expressed both in and outside many classrooms, it probably was different at our University; the definition of an acceptable speech genre is subject to historical change.

From the beginning of the course I encouraged students to express their conscious feelings, views and attitudes "sensitively." As I had always done throughout my teaching years, I cautioned students to speak with awareness of how their words would affect others. Implicit in this caution was my fear that feelings would be hurt. So, although I explicitly defined "political correctness" in this class as the willingness to express what you feel and think while attending to the feelings of others (I write "negative?" on Martha's journal entry when she writes that Sekani has "strong" feelings about whites), the effect, I think, was to keep passionate speech at bay. Though the dominance of the prevailing definition of "proper" classroom speech was temporarily destabilized

during the encounter, it continued to command the allegiance of most of the students: Daren describes his "take" on Jim's response to Sekani --his view that Jim's reaction flows from his racist and sexist conditioning-- as "a dynamic I will absolutely not bring up in class." Perhaps the only reason Denise and Kathy expressed their feelings is that they were unable not to do so; they shed tears "for" many others who were able to restrain themselves from such expressions of feeling. After the passionate encounters between Sekani and several of the other class members both Lois and Shiu-Lung-Li expressed antipathy to using such speech in classrooms. Lois: "The blond haired girl story might alienate people and Sekani should anticipate that and avoid it if her goal was to get through the 'lesson.'" Shiu Lung-Li: "We are all eye witnesses to the result. The original good intentions of the speaker got totally washed down (by the "losing of control of her emotions."). The exception was Jennifer, who wrote, "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all. How oppressive!"

As I stood back and observed the indications of anger in the class--Jim's red face, the loud intensity of the exchanges between him and Sekani, and the tears of the two women, and felt the shock spread round the room, I had no inclination to quell the storm. I flashed momentarily upon the final course evaluations and the possible disapproval of the chairperson were she, hearing the shouting from the hall, to look into the room. But the main feeling I recall was that as a class we were at last nearing bedrock, going beyond where I had been with any class before, and that where we were going was, in my terms, good.

Only in retrospect do I understand that it was the use of passionate speech -- a socially unacceptable classroom speech genre--that conveyed the primary lesson that was being taught and learned by many, though surely not by all: that racism can evoke justified, deeply felt anger (at least) in those who are targeted by it, and that acknowledging and expressing that anger can evoke in white people and people color --Shiu Lung Li, for example, and Julia-- at least temporarily, acute fear of violence and, as a consequence, denial that expressing anger about racism is justified. Neither Sekani nor I had anticipated the eruption of such deeply felt emotions--variously referred to in the journals euphemistically as "intense discussion," "the dynamic between Joe and Sekani," "the debate between Joe and Sekani," "the heated debate;" "the heated argument" -- nor that the presentation would call up contending meanings and valuations of civility, respect, politeness, anger, pain and fear that were profoundly racialized.

As I revisit the events reported here I see anew how deftly the powerful national and academic languages of genteel politeness can censor, and can reinforce tendencies endemic to particular ethnic cultures. Denise's fear that she will "break down" may reflect an ethnic cultural tendency that is closer to Shiu-Lung Li's home culture, and to the prevailing cultural definitions of politeness than it is to Sekani's (Shujaa, 1994; Hale Benson, 1987). (It is not, of course, inevitable, that politeness be defined in terms of masking one's true feelings.) As a consequence both Denise and Shiu-Lung Li may be reluctant to express their anger and fear of violence. Tony's

entirely different views about passionate expression belie simplistic claims that Chinese are "reserved." Tony had written immediately after the encounter, "In my opinion one great achievement in this course is that all of us are getting emotionally involved. Teachers nowadays may have paid too much attention to the cognitive development of our children at the sacrifice of genuine love and passion for people different from ourselves.")

Confrontation with an other or others like Sekani who speak a stigmatized form of the dominant national language passionately and with confidence and skill may be traumatic for those who have been taught that expression of feeling is inappropriate, as we have seen, and is therefore not to be taken lightly. However, a transformation of understanding by members of both dominant and non dominant groups may *require* students to expand their views of the array of acceptable speech genres beyond those set by their particular ethnic cultures and by the dominant culture as well. People whose ethnic culture teaches privacy and public reticence may need to adapt to a more publicly expressive culture as Shiu Lung Li, for example, seemed to be doing so right before our eyes. Shiu Lung Li had written that "letting our emotions take over (is) bad," and "I am not as outgoing as the Americans. There is this distinctive difference between Chinese and American culture." Several days after the encounter and our and his processing of it he evidently changes his mind. He writes, "(T)hrough pain ...we learn more about pain; through argument we see truth; through struggle we see hope." These words are written by a man who will interact with African American children as their teacher and perhaps some day as an administrator, a man who had asked himself on the plane to the U.S., "How much are you going to change?" In terms of the public expression of passion he has moved closer to his compatriot, Tim.

Those of us who are more socialized, either through our ethnic culture of origin, or by popularized notions of psychology and psychoanalysis, to express feelings publicly may have to invent ways of expressing feelings that do not so strongly jar the sensibilities of those who have not. We all need to become more bi-cultural regarding public expression of feelings. However, as a result of the encounter I have come to believe that there are some people who may be unable to grasp the degree of damage racism wreaks upon people of color (and upon white people) unless they engage *face to face* with public expressions of anger. Transformations of understanding as a result of passionate engagement require that the conversants have some reason to remain engaged in conversation. Denise who "tunes out" in the presence of anger, though she left the class early on the day of Sekani's visit, returns, in part because we had established a "safe" space, but, in part, because she wants to become a teacher and the state has made me a gatekeeper to certification.

Perhaps all we can say about Jim, Denise, Kathy and Margie (and all we can hope for) is that as the course drew to a close the clash of live social accents was lively in their heads (Ellsworth, 1997). Denise writes me a note two months after the course is over thanking me for the "gift" that was our class. Jim, who writes the first day of class that he doesn't know where he comes from, who tells Sekani some of his best friends are rednecks,

after "digesting" our debriefing, comes to realize--to put it as simply as he does--" that "others have feelings and images...just as real (as mine)." This does seem a small step for someone who will soon be teaching these "others."

Another way to tell the story is that Sekani was willing to speak in other than the academic tones of "civility" to convey the devastating insidiousness of racism experienced by children and adults, to illuminate Black anger and "violence" and their origins ---to crystallize the issues, by telling the *Blond Haired Girl* and *Ms. Crutch* stories. And that her breaking of the rules of "proper" speech and "proper" behavior brought to the surface some of the conflicts and contradictions of the heteroglossia and fueled some motors of social change. (Giroux, 1997).

The dominance of discourses that erase the unconscious. A second process both the dominant languages of teaching and learning and progressive anti racist teaching practice veil is the omnipresent workings of unconscious, semi-conscious, and partly conscious fears and desires. Unconscious knowledge can be seen as knowledge one has actively repressed, knowledge one can't tolerate knowing that one knows. Unconscious knowledge, from this perspective, is an active refusal to know (Felman, 1997, 24).

At the time of the encounter I was unconscious or only partly conscious of much of what was happening. The primary languages that directed my thought in the moment were those of some feminist, Freirian, and anti-racist pedagogues who take for granted that once oppression is rationally exposed it will be rationally resisted (Finke, 1977). Though I, like at least some of the students, had read extensively about and "believed in" the power of the unconscious, like most of them I had become accustomed to leaving this interpretive lens outside the classroom door.

What unconscious processes of my own could explain how I could be present during the encounter and remain unaware of the multitude of unconscious processes that were surely whirling round the room? Since I "know" about and "believe in" unconscious processes, how can I understand *my* failure in that moment to consider the irrational, the unspeakable, forgotton, ignored and despised (Ellsworth, 1977, 95) , what Ellsworth thinks of as the third participant in any dialogue (70)? For example, why did the associations that were curled Jim's use of the term "rednecks" when he claimed "Some of my best friends are rednecks" not come to my consciousness at the time he made the claim? Why did I not bring to consciousness my awareness of how this claim would have been heard by Sekani and Isaiah and, perhaps, others?.

I suppose my comfort with a language that did not draw attention to the unconscious was "motivated" in part by my own then unconscious desires. Perhaps I didn't want to face the frightening implications of Sekani's claim that the lesson of the *Blond Haired Girl* story was that (only) violence works against racism; or to know how powerfully implanted were the students' fears and condescending views of Black people (perhaps in part

because such an awareness would again remind me that I had been implanted with the same). Perhaps, I didn't really want to know the hydra-headed shape of racism. Perhaps I didn't want to know that my carefully constructed curriculum might have left these fears and attitudes untouched, didn't want to know that I had not changed, in thirty hours, the way my students thought, nor want to face the possibility that I could not do so. It is possible that I didn't want to recognize that the social and political forces that implanted these fears and desires had sent them underground by labeling them politically incorrect, and that this resulted in projections of violence on to African Americans—including, of course, Sekani.

It is now clear to me that in the journal responses to Sekani's visit there is ample evidence of widespread but unconscious disrespect, hatred, fear, denigration and scapegoating of African Americans in the persona of Sekani. Recall the language some students used when writing about her: Denise's comment, "Our community was stormed by the militia" suggests she heard the word "militant" as "militia". When she wrote "The discussion became invasive, violent...militant," she seems to have heard "militant" as violent, in spite of the fact that I had suggested an alternative way to accent the word as my single intervention before the close of class on the day of the encounter.

The evening after the debriefing Jim writes that he now understands Sekani's intention. What he understands is that she intended to teach people "the reality of behavior in inner city schools." What could explain his refusal to know that her intention was, ultimately, to have the class understand the intensity of racism and its effects on children. How can his erasure from consciousness of that knowledge be explained (Ellsworth, 1997, 132-7)? What story did he hold so dear that he would protect it at all costs? Perhaps the story he was clinging to was that he held a secure place in the universe. Threats to belonging resonate in the most vulnerable corners of our psyches (Kelley, 1997, 37). Perhaps Jim was trying to maintain the floodgates that protected him against the destruction of his position in the social class hierarchy. Perhaps this white man of working class origins, who on the first day of class wrote that he didn't really know where he came from, was (unconsciously of course) engaged in a process of consolidating his identity through rejection and disavowel of the other (McCarthy, 1998, 91) now embodied by Sekani. Perhaps Jim feared that if he began to see racism from Sekain's point of view he would be rejected by his "red-neck" friends. Or, as Sekani suggests, he feared his own attraction to African-American women. Perhaps he, like many of the others, is terrified of teaching in a class populated by what he sees as violence-prone Black children. Perhaps he unconsciously shared the suburban (Simi Valley) fear of encirclement by dark skinned others (McCarthy, 19988, 89), or was afraid that his self image would be blown apart by seeing how he is implicated in the racism that is central in Sekani's universe.

How could I have encouraged him to explore these possible fears, if I myself in that moment was not aware of these possibilities. (Tim, Carol and Daren were more aware than I, suggesting that Jim's behavior was related to his need to maintain his sense of self. Daren: "The dynamic that I believe was in effect...is that James was not prepared to accept that sort of critique from an African-American woman." Tim: "They probably felt more hurt since the comment came from a Black female teacher.")

It's not that I hadn't encouraged the students, from the first, to acknowledge (if not express) their feelings. I had. Or to explore autobiographically how they had come to have those feelings. I had done that too. But I had only encouraged attention to conscious thoughts and feelings, while all the time quite conscious of my belief that students who had had psychotherapy, who had, as Denise put it, "worked on themselves," were more able to recognize and come to terms with their racist conditioning and condescending perspectives.

I have begun to see the class' encounter with Sekani and my interchanges with students more generally as dialogues in which unconscious and partly conscious fears and desires are fully present, though these "illicit" desires and fears may have been changed into something symbolically unrecognizable to our conscious selves (Ellsworth, 1997, 61). One fear I have in mind is fear of violence perpetrated by Black people; one desire, the desire to maintain one's image of oneself as a worthy individual. Had I been thinking in terms of fears and desires, as I am now, I would have posed somewhat different questions during the debriefing, would have responded differently to many of the journal entries, and would have played a somewhat different role in class discussions.

For example, I might have processed the encounter by more systematically provoking the students to bring to consciousness their differing views of the validity of Sekani's feelings, and their feelings about her beating up the blond haired girl and her "attitude" to Ms. Crutch and the other white teachers, and the origins of these. I might have encouraged students to consider how attributing inferiority to Sekani might have been both stimulated and reinforced by the unconscious fears evoked by those stories. Perhaps this would have been a better use of our limited time than the writing of racial autobiographies so early in the course, when most of the students were just beginning to realize they already had a lot of views and attitudes about race and racism.

Or, when Denise characterized Sekani in her journal as "infested with negativity" I might have asked her to explore the origins of the fears and desires that are implicit in this choice of words. Or perhaps I would have asked her what her tenacious clinging to the concept of "reverse racism" might mean, given that in the previous classes I had repeatedly challenged that notion. By focusing her attention on such specificities, I would have been asking her to bring to consciousness and then reflect on the origins of her fears and desires (Kelley, 1997, 10), or, to put it another way, to reflect upon the relationship between her way of "reading" Sekani and her own

past experience (Kelley, 1997, 55). I would have changed the rules of the classroom game by asking students to pay attention to their unconscious.

I now see more clearly how our inattention to the unconscious limited our conversations. That we would miss one another I now understand was inevitable, given that our different experiences had left their unconscious as well as conscious traces in the meanings we took from the events we all experienced together. I am more aware than I have been that because our readings, conscious and unconscious, of others are so much more numerous than each of us can know consciously, no one can ever say exactly what she means. What is more, the unconscious as well as conscious frameworks through which we filter what we can hear necessarily distort our reception of what another has said. These missed communications have much to teach us if we only tune in to and explore them, they can reveal some of our own and others' unconscious, and attune us to some of the most powerful forces that underlay our classroom and our life encounters.

Of course, we can never come to full and complete conscious awareness (can never know directly what goes on in the moment that flashes between our or others' perceptions and cognitions (Ellsworth, 1997), but we can always know more. We can also always be aware that none of us has an unmitigated passion for knowledge (Ellsworth, 1997, 57); that each of us has, and will always have, vested interests in not knowing. Knowing this engenders a deep humility. And an openness, because it mean learning can have no end (Felman, 1997, 34).

***

> (I)t is only the other's categories that will let me be an object for my own perception. I see myself as I conceive others might see it... In order to forge a self, I must do so from the *outside* (Holquist, 1990, 28)
>
> (If) I am not what I've been told I am, then it means that *you're* not what you thought *you* were *either*. And that is the crisis (Baldwin, 1998, 8).

Until that summer's class I had thought that bringing into "mixed company" expressions of fury at presently existing racism through the video *The Color of Fear* and then processing the viewing experience together, was as far as we could go in confronting racism and internalized racism in a single course, particularly one that also examined the intersection of racism with sexism, heterosexism and language and class oppression, and the implications of all of this for teaching (Berlak, 1994, 1999). The encounter between the class and Sekani led me to rethink this assumption. I now understand more about the distance between the effects of experiencing/confronting anger expressed on a tv monitor and anger expressed face to face. I have come to think face to face confrontation with anger is a necessary, though not by any means sufficient, component of

anti-racist teaching; that is, it is necessary in order for most white students to address the racism that hides in the recesses of their unconscious. And I think it is also necessary for most students of color, if they are to confront their internalized racism. (I consider interracial hostility between peoples of color an expression of internalized racism.)

Why might face to face confrontation with the anger that racism can ignite be necessary? Perhaps for some white students it is necessary if they are to make the breakthrough, that is, to see themselves from the perspective of African Americans and other people of color who are more fully conscious of, and angered about, the devastating effects of racism. Kathy says, "I guess Sekani's point was not to establish quality relations," having no idea of what quality relations might mean from Sekani's point of view. Jim says, "I don't think she (Sekani) is sensitive to the feelings of everyone," unable to imagine how Sekani rates the sensitivity of his use of the term "red neck." They can not bear to see that Sekani sees them to varying degrees as ignorant, i.e. as unaware of white privilege and of how this privilege adversely affects the fortunes of people positioned by racism as "less than." Sekani's expression of anger got many students' attention when the video did not because they were unable to deny the fact that she was speaking to and about *them*. Jennifer understood this:

> The experience is probably the closest I have ever come to feeling like I know what I look like or could look like through the "lenses" of an African American woman. How many people who share this part of my identity can say that they have had the opportunity to see themselves from the point of view of an African American woman? Very few, I'm sure. We can read books or make wild guesses--but this experience was much more real.

Denise, Kathy, Margie, Jim, each of these white people was, evidently, able to listen to the anger expressed in *The Color of Fear* without really hearing it, that is without giving credence to it and without seeing how they themselves were implicated in it. The film had not affected their concepts of their selves. Given Sekani's style that included direct eye contact, it was nearly impossible for them to avoid the awareness that Sekani was speaking to them.

However, only if they saw Sekani, the one expressing anger, as an equal, and therefore saw her views as *legitimate* "takes" upon themselves, would her views become internally persuasive to the white students--that is, actually destabilize their existing conceptions of themselves. Although they were of course unconscious of it, it seems clear that neither Denise, Kathy, Jim or Margie, at least initially, gave Sekani's views, feelings and experience the same respect or weight they would have given them had she been white and male (as both Tim and Daren seemed to understand). Their response was therefore not to empathize with, but to discredit and objectify, her. Denise: "She's not an expert...Why should Jim's responses be challenged by a stranger?". [Denise is, however, willing to see herself through my (white teacher) eyes: "I hope you won't think I've turned my back on adjusting my lenses."] Kathy dismisses Sekani's authority by remembering that, since Sekani had

recently been my student, she "could not have had much experience." This reasoning allows her to label Sekani's views as condescending, insulting and unworthy of consideration. Jim, an avowed friend of "red necks," dismisses the validity of Sekani's views, calling them "one-sided." He can then feel entitled to discount her opinion about his defense of "red necks." Though these students wanted Sekani to validate *their* selves, they were predisposed to invalidate hers. Their attribution of inferiority to Sekani is an easy unconscious way to dodge the significance of the views and feelings of the other.

I might have asked these white students to bring to consciousness the difficulty they had seeing Sekani as an equal other. Kathy complained that Sekani doesn't know her (doesn't know that she experienced violence as she was growing up.) I might have asked Kathy to consider to what extent she knows Sekani, and Sekani's experience of white boys and girls and white women and men.

It seems that Denise and Jim cared immensely about maintaining their views of themselves and must therefore maintain their view of Sekani as a person of less legitimacy and value than themselves, though they probably had little consciousness of it. Thus, they fight fiercely against "the constant pounding and haunting of the boundaries of what is intelligible, accepted and valued by what is outside (Boalt, 1996, 129)." Even after the processing session, Denise writes, "I don't think that means I need to work on myself." She explicitly states her concern not to let Sekani's words cause her to "break down."

The white students' struggles against recognizing Sekani both as equal and as legitimately angry may be in part an unconscious attempt to avoid the shameful awareness of their complicity in her pain that would cause them to significantly change their images of themselves. One way to think about how we processed Sekani's visit is that the processing required the students to hear their classmates' views. Thus, they were required to know that some white students embraced and legitimized Sekani's views and feelings. "No cross talk." I chose to do no more than give those students who, like Mrs. Crutch, regarded Sekani with condescension, the opportunity to come into contact with a variety of viewpoints that differed from theirs and hope that some of these would become internally persuasive--would become more thoroughly their own. And I had to accept that they would never become wholly so. Margie expresses the "double voicedness" she is left with as the course concludes. "How would I deal with the anger I most likely would be confronted with. I don't know."

I write to Kathy that I hope she will be able to hear Sekani's rage "without taking it personally." Yet in response to Denise's claim that "the information Sekani gave was personal, not educational," I had written, "I think the educational is personal, I don't distinguish them." Now I rethink my response to Kathy---I do want her to take what Sekani says to us personally. But what I mean by that is that I want her to see herself through Sekani's eyes, rather than to merge Sekani into her image of an alcoholic father, so that she can then discount the anger of both. I, then, understand taking it personally to mean accumulating views of how one is seen by

separate others, others whose views, feelings and perspectives, though they may be stigmatized by the dominant culture, are as legitimate as one's own. Perhaps Jim's statement "What I'm starting to realize is that...others have feelings and images that are just as real, and also based on years of experience" is not so trivial after all.

I, now, re-view one sequence in my curriculum, seeing it as a series of experiences that in increments reveals to students how they are seen by particular others whose perspectives are submerged and relatively inaudible in the dominant national conversations about race--a "Sixty Minutes" video about differential treatment received by a white and a Black man in St. Louis (in which feelings are expressed quite "civilly"); then the "White Privilege" exercise that requires students to look at themselves from the perspectives of people of color. Finally, *The Color of Fear*, where men of color express anger towards David, a white man, because of his refusal or inability to acknowledge racism. Though many white students are able to recognize themselves in David, and experience a breakthrough of recognition, others refuse to see how they are like David in spite of post viewing conversations designed to encourage them to do so. Finally, this time, there is the encounter with Sekani, who expressed to their face her anger at presently existing racism often enacted by well meaning persons like themselves (See Delpit, 1995). To some, Sekani's expression of how she saw them and how she felt about them as white people became the most "relevant" experience in the teacher credential program, an experience that changed their images of themselves, allowed them to put themselves in different stories, to tell their stories differently. As they confronted the fact that Sekani was not who they thought she was, they came to terms with the fact that they were not who they thought they were either. They no longer had to shut out aspects of their selves. Perhaps this is why Jim, Denise, Kathy and Margie "felt better" after thinking about the encounter and our processing of it.

Isaiah writes "Sekani was great for our class. She opened or made people take their lenses off and LOOK! LOOK AT YOURSELF! LOOK AT YOUR STUDENTS! LOOK!" He also says that Sekani gave white students "more in two hours than they will get in any course at this University." What does he think they got more of? He says he's proud "this Sista took the time to deliver the message." What message does he have in mind? He writes, white students need to take a look in the mirror. Perhaps the "more," the "message," can be thought of as a more comprehensive look by white (and perhaps Chinese and Filipino) students at themselves, that is, a look in the mirror, but through an additional set of eyes.

During the three week period Isaiah, I think, also came to see his white classmates and himself differently. Early in the course, when each of us told the histories of our names, Isaiah had not talked of his name in terms of its origins in slavery as Sekani and many former African American students have done. Isaiah's undergraduate study had been art, not ethnic studies; he came of age in a relatively a-political and racist era. Perhaps being the only African American student in the class activated some of the racism he had internalized

through exposure to the dominant national racist language. However, though some of his classmates unknowingly repeated the language of white supremacy, these racist viewpoints were challenged by the positive valuations of blackness expressed by James Baldwin, bell hooks, and other readings and by Victor, Sekani, some of his classmates and me, and it seems likely that he began, or was able again, to see how some of his classmates saw him. ("My eyes have been opened.") Only after Sekani's visit did he begin to express (though almost exclusively through his journal) his awareness of his classmates' racism: "I don't believe our classmates can even hear ME...Thanks, Dr. Berlak. I needed to see how people really see me." Recognizing they were not who he'd thought they were, perhaps he saw more clearly that he was not who they and he had thought he was either.

Sekani explained the difficulty members of dominant groups have seeing how they are seen by members of those groups who have less institutional power: "It wasn't because they weren't bright. It was because there was no vehicle for this discussion to take place in their lives. They need a Black person to confront them with these issues." Recognition of white people's potential to see her as an equal other is implicit in that thought. This recognition requires seeing (and suggests that she sees) white people as potential equals, a view that competes within her with her sometimes "inability to see white people as people."

***

> (T)here is neither a first word nor a last word. The contexts of dialogue are without limit. They extend into the deepest past and the most distant future. Even meanings born in dialogues of the remotest past will never be finally grasped once and for all, for they will always be renewed in later dialogue. At any present moment of the dialogue there are great masses of forgotten meanings, but these will be recalled again at a given moment in the dialogue's later course when it will be given new life. For nothing is absolutely dead: every meaning will someday have its homecoming festival. (Bakhtin, *Esteika*, p.373, quoted in Holquist, 1990, p.39)

Were we to tell a hundred stories more about the course and Sekani's visit to it, this would not change the fact that we can not know how the experiences of anyone and everyone who was present will be called up again in future dialogues and local and national conversations about race. Our experiences will become the past that, like Inuka, the Harlem Globe Trotters, Isaiah's mother's words, and the blond haired girl will be present in an uncertain future. The time we spent together will be fibers in the complex weave that is that future. What Jim and Isaiah "got" when they wrote "NOW I GET IT" will not only be transmitted, but transformed and contested by future generations, including, perhaps, generations of their students, children and colleagues. Those (both white people and people of color) who genuinely "crossed over," i.e. became able to see from the

viewpoints of institutionally less powerful others--and we do not know for certain who these are--may crisscross this stream many times in their own lifetimes as the balance of the contending internal voices shift in response to changes in the history of a society they will help to shape. Denise, who never heard the words "can't afford," may from this point onward hear militancy in a language that has justice as its center, (as well as in other languages) and at some future time may give that word, or some synonym for it, that accent in the presence of others. She may later think about their experiences through frameworks other than the same old ready made ones that with rare exceptions channeled her thinking throughout those three weeks of the course.

Though the "heated argument" on which Sekani's visit turned occurred between Sekani and the tall, blond, classically attractive and during the encounter extremely red faced Jim, Jim was speaking for (expressing the views and feelings of) others, some of whom on that day saw or came to see the "dynamic" primarily through his eyes. But the effects of the clash of languages will in some incarnation continue far beyond that time and place. Sekani's presence may be seen as having reactivated particular and partially dormant historically powerful revolutionary languages of the heteroglossia that will sometime in the future have their homecoming festivals, though changed in their new context and perhaps barely recognizable.

It is unlikely the people in our class will again encounter colleagues of diverse racial/cultural backgrounds in a space where dialogue on race and culture are the business of the day. They are unlikely to be required again to question the ways they accent words like militancy, Blackness, violence, to suggest just a few. They may have no other opportunity to participate in the ongoing social struggles over what meanings will become the common wisdom. There are few places where the conversations that occurred in the Cultural and Linguistic Diversity class can take place among people who speak the variety of languages that make up the national language, including, most importantly, those who speak its stigmatized forms. I cringe at the quickly advancing encroachment of Distance Learning as an alternative to teaching face to face.

Adams, Maurianne &Lee Ann Bell &Pat Griffin, (eds.) (1997). *Teaching for Diversity and Social Justice*. New York: Routledge

Baldwin, James, (1985). "A Talk to Teachers." In *Multicultural Literacy*, Greywolf Press.

Banks, James *(1994) Multiethnic Education*. Allyn Bacon, Boston

Banks, James (1997) *Educating Citizens in a Multicultural Society*. Teachers' College Press

Behar, Ruth, (1996). *The Vulnerable Observer*. Boston: Beacon Press

Berlak, Ann, (1999. In Press). "Teaching and Testimony: Witnessing and Bearing Witness to Racism in Culturally Diverse Classrooms." *Curriculum Inquiry*.

Berlak, Ann (1994). "Antiracist Pedagogy in a College Classroom. Mutual Recognition and a Logic of Paradox." In William Reynolds et. al. (eds.) *Inside Out*. St. Martin's Press.

Boalt, Gail Masuchika, (1996). Sexist and Heterosexist Responses to Gender Bending in an Elementary Classroom. In Curriculum Inquiry, 26:2.

Collins, Patricia Hill (1991). *Black Feminist Thought*. New York: Routledge

Delpit, L. (1987) *Other People's Children : Cultural Conflict in the Classroom*. New Press

Dentith, Simon (1995). *Bakhtinian Thought*. London: Routledge

Ellsworth, Elizabeth, (1997) *Teaching Positions*. Teachers College, New York

Ellsworth, Elizabeth and Janet Miller (1996). "Working Differences in Education." In *Curriculum Inquiry*.26:3 (1996), 245-263.

Felman, Shoshana (1997). "Psychoanalysis and education: Teaching the Terminable and Interminable" In Todd, Sharon (ed.), *Learning Desire*. New York and London: Routledge

Finke, Laurie (1997). "Knowledge as Bait." In Todd (Ibid.)

Giroux, Henry (1997). "Rewriting the Discourse of Racial Identity: Towards a Pedagogy and Politics of White Identity." *Harvard Educational Review*, Vol. 67:2

Hale-Benson, Janice (1987). *Black Children, Their Roots, Culture and Learning Styles*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press.

Hollins, E.R. (1996) *Transforming Curriculum for a Culturally Diverse Society*. New Jersey: Erlbaum

Holquist, Michael (1990). *Dialogism: Bakhtin and his world*. London: Routledge

hooks, bell (1984). *Feminist Theory from Margin to Center*. Boston: South End Press

hooks, bell (1989). *Talking Back. Thinking Feminist, Thinking Black*. Boston: South End Press

Kelley, Ursula (1997) *Schooling Desire*. New York: Routledge

King, Joyce & Etta Hollins, (1997). *Preparing Teachers for Cultural Diversity*. New York: Teachers College

King, Joyce (1997). "Thank You for Opening our Minds." In King, 1997, Ibid.

Ladson-Billings, (1994a) "Who will Teach our Children: Preparing Teachers to Successfully Teach African American Students." In Hollins, E.R. Joyce E. King & Warren C. Hayman, *Teaching Diverse Populations*. SUNY.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Ladson-Billings (1994b) *The Dreamkeepers: Successful Teachers of African American Children.* San Francisco: Jossey-Bass

Mc Carthy, Cameron, (1998). *The Uses of Culture.* New York: Routledge

Mc Intosh (1995). "White Privilege and Male Privilege: A Personal Account of Coming to See Correspondences Through Work in Women's Studies." In Margaret Anderson and Patricia Hill Collins (eds.), *Race, Class Gender.* Belmont: Wadsworth

Mc Laren (1995), In Barry Kanpol and Peter Mc Laren, eds. *Critical Multiculturalism* Westport, Conn: Bergan and Garvey

Nieto, Sonia (1996) *Affirming Diversity.* Longman: White Plains, New York

Ornstein, Peggy (1994 *School Girls.* New York: Anchor

Richardson, Laurel (1997). *Fields of Play* Brusnwick, New Jersey, Rutgers University Press

Shuuja, Mwalimu (1994. *Too much schooling, too little education: A paradox of Black life in White societies.* Trenton, NY: Africa World Press

Sleeter, Christine (199). *Keepers of the American Dream.*

Spelman, Elizabeth (1997). *Fruits of Sorrow: Framing our Attention to Suffering.* Boston: Beacon Press.

Tatum, Beverly, (1997) *Why are all the Black Kids Sitting together in the Cafeteria?* New York: Basic

BEST COPY AVAILABLE